

no. Four A² Review

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in this issue —

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MOVIE REVIEWS

CARTOONS

MUSIC REVIEWS

FILTION

and more!



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MOVIE REVIEW***CREEP SHOW

This isn't really a scary movie, but I thought it was alot of fun. Basically, it's based on the old Creepy magazines and is a series of several different stories, not one long one. I thought the monsters were very well done, but too many people in the audience screamed when it wasn't even scary. There are a few good supprises to get your blood pressure rising, but I'm not going to reveal any secrets. My favorite story was the Box, go see it and find out which one you like best.

Movie Review -THE WILD ONE Decist at the Michigan Theater by Marcie Slutsky

This 1953 classic stars Marlon Brando as the leader of a motorcycle gang which invades a little hick town for a night. It was great, there were all totally kool, lots of leathers and engineers boots, and super fine bikes. This one guy (who I think used to be on Green Acres) had the total buzz haircut. Anyways, this movie is definitely worth seeing the next time it comes around if you haven't seen it yet.

ATTENTION ALL SKATEBOARDERS!!!!!!

I was thumbing through a back issue of Skateboarder Mag the other day and came upon an article that was very interesting. Basically, it said that if you know one other person besides yourself who likes to ride, then you can form a bona fide skating team. This would have several advantages over just riding by yourself: you could arrange practises, give demos, have small competitions even, and you could learn a lot of new shit about skateboarding in general. I personally know that there are a lot of hot skaters out there, and I think that bringing people together as a team would have very productive results. People like Pat here, or Tommy, Eric, Lee, Wes, Matt, Mark, Ron, or anyone who has a board and some time to ride would benefit from doing some organized events, and everyone would benefit from just getting out there and doing it. So before I run out of space, I'd like to urge you to think about '83 as a good year for all skateboarders.

our own Pat Rice makes the front page of the Ann Arbor News. Allright! Get Red!



OVER THE EDGE — Pat Rice has a novel way to keep warm as the chill of November settles over Ann Arbor — she jumps curbs on her skateboard. Here, she perfects a drop from a foot-high planter box on Main Street. The knee-pads insure that an occasional spill won't make the agony of defeat too agonizing.

1 (2) 10



What if everyone was like you?



The Battle of the Sexes

みんなが自分の問題から逃げだしたらどうなると思う?



What if we all ran away from our problems? Huh? What then?

What if everyone in the whole world suddenly decided to run a way from his problems?

世界中の人が自分たちの問題から逃げだしたらどうなんだい?



すくなくともみんな同じ方向にすすんでるってことになるね!



Well at least we'd all be running in the same direction!



3

SOAP OPERA SOAP OPERA SOAP OPERA SOAP

Scene 4 -

Mitzy crumpled the paper in her hands and whipped it at the floor in a burst of rage. She dialed his number with violently shaking hands that yearned to clasp themselves around his massive muscle bound neck, and gouge out his Adam's apple. His mother answered, "Yaiillooo?" "Lemme talk to Schmitty!" Mitzi demanded.

"And whooo's this?" the meddling old woman asked in her usual high pitched Elephant Man tone of voice.

"It's Mitzy. Mitzy Kinkski from Schmitty's black book a' numbers, you wheezing bag of bricks!"

"Ookee-dookees..."

pause

"Hullooo?" Schmitty asked, in his usual Elephant Man type of voice.

"Okay, you Fucker! Who is she?! Where is she?! Is she there?!" Mitzy screamed until her face turned red.

"Whoooo's who?" he asked, his nerves quaking.

"The Girl, you muscle-headed son'bitch!"

"Who said D'eres a gurruhl here myyy Mitz?"

"Your horoscope! I saw it just now! I read it just now! AAAAAAAYYYYY!!!!!!"

Suddenly Mitzy turned green and died of a stroke. She never heard Schmitty's voice through the reciever that lay on the floor beside her:

"Uuuuh...ya' okay --- Mitz?"

To be continued next month.....



EX-BEATLE GEORGE HARRISON MASTERMINDS PLOT TO OVERTHROW ENTIRE WORLD

AP, UPI, Plain Truth wires (LONDON)

President Reagan lashed out at the NSS today in a televised press conference, amid growing concerns that the fanatic radical organization was gaining widespread support among several grassroots movements. "The deplorable actions of this group poses a grave threat to the interests of the free world and will no longer be tolerated by the United States and her allies. Aggression on the global scale will be countered by whatever measures are deemed necessary, be they military or economic sanctions." He also challenged the rebels to respond through legitimate diplomatic channels, saying that their refusal to do so thus far "proves that they're just a bunch of no good lousy bums and sissies."

In London today, NSS Chairman George "Porgie" Harrison officially proclaimed himself dictator of Great Britain, successfully capping off his overthrow of Margaret Thatcher's government. He immediately began clamping down on dissidence, most of it coming from right-wing conservatives, and responded to allegations of human rights abuses by saying "All these fascists deserve to die anyways, we're just speeding up the process. Besides, we gave back Ireland and freed all their political prisoners, what more can you ask?" He also declared every day but Sunday a national holiday, and urged all people to attend the newly installed State Church of England saying, "It's weird at first, given the traditional concept of worship, but you get used to it before long. When I first offered myself to Satan, I was pretty nervous, but he had great faith in me. I kind of wrote 'My Sweet Lord' about that experience, because it made it alright to rip off other people's songs anyways."



Rebel agent shown indoctrinating a member of the Catholic Church, one of many organizations known to have been infiltrated at the upper levels by members of the National Socialists for Satan.



Use of double agents, such as the one pictured at left, were crucial in the NSS bid to take over England. They have also been implicated in both assassination attempts made upon Pope John Paul II.



.....

Adolescent Review interviews Isolated Rat Hearts

I.R.H. is another local fansine published by JB and Sean. We cornered them at a party and got our interview. Our Star Reporter Matt R. conducted the interview.

Sean: Is it on?

Matt: Yes it's on. This is A² Review interviewing Rat Hearts. All right Dudes, what are some of the main things you like to put out in your issues?

Sean: Well, we like to have stuff other than rock music, everybody's got rock music. We like to have other stuff, like Chas in jail. Shit like that. You know... We like cool stuff.

Jerry: Definitely sort of a new trend, like music is only part of what our magazine covers. We're trying to get all the aspects of life here in our community & what is happening here in Ann Arbor cause there are really quite a few things going on.

Matt: All right. What have you guys got going for your next issue that's coming out?

Sean: Well, I'm going to places like the Central Cafe and Johnnry's and different places & I'm finding out like if you order coffee and french fries - how many reorders of coffee you can get. Like there's places if you get coffee they throw you out and you can't get refills. So, I want to find places that you can go and get 7 refills of coffee and sit there and get really stoned on coffee. Other places you go "Refill Please." and they say, "You gotta leave!". And that's what we're doing, we'll have a big chart.

Matt: So, basically you're trying to observe a lot of cultural phenomena in the Ann Arbor area?"

Sean: Right. We're really into life.

Matt: Wow, that's really cool.

Sean: Life's the only thing worth living for.

JB: ha ha ha.....

Matt: Well, anything to add to that and any final closing statements?

Jerry: Well, not really, that seems to sum it up pretty well. Except for we will always intend to give a good description of life.

Sean: You'll have to finish without me, I'm going home. Bye.

Jerry: Bye bye.

Sean: By the way, I don't smoke cigarettes.

Jerry: Neither do I.

Matt: Yup. So any way. That's all.

.....



~~~~~MORE STUFF~~~~~

FICTION

Help me, I am being held prisoner inside my own mind. They locked me up in this mental institution and I don't know why. I was always calm, I was hardly ever violent or anything like that, I was able to pay my bills. Now I am spaced out on drugs.

My roommates were the first ones to say I was crazy. They convinced my parents to put me in this horrible prison. I didn't think sleeping in a coffin was that crazy, and so what if I throw knives at pictures of beautiful girls. I would never throw a knife at a live girl. Shooting a maniquin also seems pretty mellow if you think about it. And I didn't take enough showers or brush my teeth enough.

Now, here I am in Ypsi State, just hanging out. They give me a lot of drugs here, barbituates mostly. They wake me up every morning at eight-thirty to go to the cafeteria to eat with the other prisoners, inmates rather. We are not prisoners here, they tell us. We are inmates. Oh, now I understand, inmates.

Life sure can be boring around this place. If you try to get into a conversation with someone they usually start drooling on themselves. I don't try very often. We have to do exercises and there is a special time when we get to go out into the courtyard and play. I like that time best, so do the other inmates.

The food is the worst part, but usually we are too high to notice much of anything. It is not really too bad if you don't look at the stuff. We get better food than the vegetable cases though, they just get this gruel that looks like oatmeal.

I don't know how long I have been here really, I have lost most of my senses of time. Most of my other senses have also been considerably dulled, by drugs of course. I am not really sure why I am here, paranoid schizophrenic I think was the diagnosis. I am sure that I have been here a long time though. They let me have twenty cigarettes a week, that is my main pleasure in life.

It was the girl that made him crazy, I remember my roommates saying that. I can't remember now which girl it was. He said that after I met her I lost my marbles, off the deep end. I couldn't believe it at the time, and now now I have no choice.

I tried to commit suicide once here in prison. I used my bed sheets as a noose and tried to hang myself. An orderly saw me stopped me just minutes before I was going to do it. Orderlies are a hassle, they beat us 'inmates' up every once in a while. Oh, well, I learned that was the stupid way out because no sane person would try to hang themselves. I guess they are right, they all ways are, regardless of how stupid it seems.

Loneliness and boredom rule in this modern correctional facility. It has been so long since I have talked to anyone on a peer level I can hardly remember what it's like. I hardly think about female companionship anymore, it's not worth the effort. Even if I get out, who ~~was~~ would want to go out with an Ypsi State veteran?

But, it's not so bad here, do what they tell you and there's no problems. I don't have to

work or anything like that, the exercises are not too difficult. I guess there's not much to do except hang out and see what the future brings, right?

the end

can you identify this man?



Blank SPACE! AAGH!
fill it up quick! So
anyways I am just
writing this cause I
can't afford to leave
a blank spot. Hury up
& turn the page!
BYE!

A Visit to Mr. Ripoff's Neighborhood: A party of people ventured out to Jacktowne twice this October, four people the first time, and five the second. These were Chas's first visits at his new house, and he was very happy to see us. He's doing allright, he's made a few good friends and isn't being hassled too much. It's not all roses though, people are getting killed for nothing all the time over there, but I guess it's survivable after all. He can receive an unlimited amount of mail, so I would encourage everyone to write him at the following address: Charles Spratling, #170334, p.o. box E, Jackson MI 49204. This is very important, YOU MUST DO IT because much of the basis for parole is how well the prisoner maintains touch with the "outside". On the "inside" life is a big, boring joke. There's nothing resembling State "Corrections" of "rehabilitation", just imprisonment and punishment. I got the same feeling looking at the bored faces of prisoners as I did last time I went to the Lincoln Park Zoo, and it made me sick. Most the prisoners are unemployed and stay locked up sixteen hours a day, and the ones who are lucky enough to be making road signs and uniforms get thirty one cents for their efforts!! HAHA!! Talk about slave labor, man, thirty one cents a day isn't even enough to maintain a nicotine habit! Anyhow, I received a literary masterpiece in the mail today, so sit back on the edge of your chair for a hair-raising story of espionage, intrigue, and boredom entitled:

PARADISE IN DISGUISE

Copyright 1982
by #170334

Those who knew me mourn and wail. But if they only knew. I've left the Ann Arbor area for other pastures. I'm currently residing in a cute little monastic community, called the State Prison of Southern Michigan. This is supposed to be punishment, but if they only knew! Why people KILL to get in here, and even then it takes a court order.

When I first arrived, my eyes were greeted by a massive profusion of bars, fences and guard towers. At first I thought it was to keep people in, but now I wonder if they're not to keep the public out. Pencil into the walls were the letters I.H.T.F.P. At first, I thought they meant I Hate This Fucking Place, but now I think they must mean I Have Truly Found Paradise.

Yes it's the life of leisure. You don't ever have to get out of bed, if you don't want to. I get three meals a day, a bed to sleep in, hot and cold running water, and the heat is paid for. The American Dream come true!

I don't have to put up with the insane chatter of twitty broads, for this is exclusively a men's club. My lease, or rent, or whatever doesn't expire until 1997 at the earliest. Then I may get evicted, but I understand it's much easier to get back in if you've once been a member. There are a lot of alumni returning all the time. Very, very rarely does anyone ever leave before his membership expires, and then it makes the headlines.

I can play tennis and handball (no frisbee's allowed), play guitar all day or read. It's a bit of trouble to acquire these things, but that's true everywhere. And I still have lots of time to write letters. Everyone gets high. Of the forty men on my floor, at least five are drug dealers. Reefer is the preferred buzz, closely followed by homemade beer, called spud. But you can get anything you want, anything at all (provided, of course, you can pay for it).

They give everyone a suit of clothes, matching blue, to encourage a spirit of close-knit community. But you can wear street clothes, if you want. All of the high points of American culture are available to me; tv, potato chips, candy bars, soda pop and cigarettes. None of this nonsense about organic food, or anything fresh to eat, for it might spoil. (cont)

PARADISE IN DISGUISE (cont)

It needn't be punishment, life is what you make it. I divert myself with games of cards or chess, or feed the pigeons, just like on the Diag. And the pigeons, just like on the diag, are systematically poisoned. For the macho inclined, you can find a fight anytime. And, like in any sexually segregated community, homosexual romances bloom all around.

There are a lot of celebrities here. Men like John Norman Collins and Vito Gacilloni. And both John Sinclair and Wayne Kramer have been here, too. Mostly, I spend the day philosophizing. I'm a philosopher, and have a degree to prove it. But I've learned more philosophy in seven weeks here than in seven years at the university.

It's an older crowd than the one I left. But that befits me, for I'm getting older. Led Zepplin rules here, at least amongst the whites. But things are getting more modern. There will be lots of punk rockers here before I leave, if I know anything about punks and courts. They'll fit right in. Guys do the thrash, without the benefit of music, on the way to meals. Best of all, there's very few police. Less than on the streets of Ann Arbor. They don't carry guns, and only rarely will hassle you. After all, what are they gonna do, put you in prison?

I thought you would like to know how your tax money is being spent. You can't stay here, as there is a waiting line to get in. But visits are possible, or write me. My address is: Charles Spratling, #170334, P.O. Box E, Jackson MI 49204.

Love, Chaz

P.S. It's all true, except about the police. They harass us incessantly, shakedowns and things. I really don't look at it as paradise either, but it made a good story.

In the American economy, the consumer is not really king.

In American democracy, people do not really rule.

Our votes do not really influence the course of government.

Reagan does not really want to cut the size of government.

His nuclear buildup is not really necessary for defense.

The U.S. is not really a weak and declining world power.

The U.S.S.R. does not really want to realize World Communism

If all that is nothing new to you, you should consider giving up those futile attempts to explain the various aspects of our society as imperfect approximations to their own ideals. Why not explain society as what it really is?

*-- a big mess!
that's what it really is.*

REVIEWS- TV.

10:00

QUINCY

After a boy was murdered at a night-club, Quincy claims punk rock was a contributing factor.

This was too funny-really! We were playing with the AFX race cars when Susan called & informed us that there was a special comedy version of "Quincy" on the TV that night. We decided to enjoy the stupidity of it all. We plugged our feeble minds in to the idiot box & watched Hollywood tell us all about how people are getting murdered because of PUNK ROCK...

.....man, it was hilarious they showed a gig with this faggy new wave thrash band called "Mayhem", all the girls in the show were disco punks and all the guys were blatant makeup. We laughed so hard, boy TV sure is ridiculous! Anyhow, this guy got knifed during the thrashing, and Quincy is sure that this PUNK ROCK NEGATIVE MUSIC SHIT is full of suggestive violent words that hypnotizes the drugg crazed crowd into killing. So, they have this Doctor Lady on the show who is a dead ringer for Serena (Parents of Punks) Dark. It was such a crock, this one chick tries to frame her friend for the killing, she keeps giving her codienes because they cause an allergic reaction which will eventually kill the poor framed girl. But in the end the murderess confesses that she killed Zak, and the other girl repents her Punk ways and goes back to Mommy (with the facelift) and they live happily ever after in the Condo in Century City. And Quincy says to his girlfriend, "You know, why would anyone want to listen to music that makes you hate when you could listen to music that makes you love?"

Well, La Di Da.... I'll tell you something Quincy --- I like Punk; Hardcore; Thrash music because it's FUN! So Fuck Off Old Fogey!!!!!!
 MOVIE REVIEW! oh yea!!! 12/11/82 MLB 4

The KIDS Are Allright with the WHO

This movie was a lot of fun. Lots of footage of early Who shows. It was pretty funny, like some of the interviews with the totally straight interviewers asking them why they smash up their stuff. Man, these guys were pretty wild for their time, in fact they were downright Crazy! Anyways, I love the WHO & I loved this movie... oh yea...

Music Review-Scooter & the Worms/Ground Zero

The State/The Truth/at the Union Ballroom
 November 21st by Wes (1st) & Alice (2nd)

It's been said that any press is good press. So, I won't talk about the first band. Let's forget them.

The second band was Ground Zero, they were pretty good. Lot's of fast songs. But really, you guys should drop "Stepping Stone", it's such a cover. They're young and fast, you should go see them. If they get their shit together and quit getting grounded for stupid shit they could be the hottest band around.

Well, I gotta to the show at 10 so I missed the first two bands. The State, one of Ann Arbor's long running punk bands played third. They were fast and thrashable, this was the first time I'd seen them since '79, they've definitely improved. Their singer was really good and hyper. Not very many people were dancing, except for the boys who were thrashing up front, everyone was just standing around checking out the bands.

The Truth played last, they played their usual set plus a few new tunes and everyone (well, everyone that counts!) danced. I was having fun, and it bummed me out when they had to stop so early (around 12:30) because it was Sunday night.

Gossip around town.....

.....keep your eyes open for our very own compilation tape of local underground bands.....coming soon to a store near you.....also we're putting out a special all cartoon issue in January.....chances are we may be able to get some kind of a ramshackle club together soon.....with a lot of work any things possible.....are the Truth having marital problems? Will it all work out???.....what's this I hear of an all female hardcore band in the makings?....could be serious.....also, any drummers interested in joining a fast band should contact this mag, as there are several people in search of serious drummer.....well, see ya around.....

.....Later.....



A² Review Presents Rad Viewpoints

Alice: Hello, we're here to talk about celibacy today. Well ma'am, what is your opinion?

Hedy: Well, I think Celibacy is a very good thing because I don't like to deal with a bunch of assholes on the street who are just trying to get a piece of ass. Plus I don't like people who like to be serious about getting a piece of ass, and I just don't like pieces of ass all together. So, I think that ...like... celibacy is the answer.

Alice: Thank you. And you sir?

Jerry: Me? I never really thought about it.

Alice: And you sir?

Mike: Why, I've been celibate for years.

Alice: And you?

Matt: My family's been celibate for the last eight generations.

#####



FANZINES

WE GOT POWER #4 \$1 from ~~xx~~ 3010 Santa Monica blvd no. 310, Santa Monica, CA 90404
Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, Bad Religion, Minor Threat, 'What does Anarchy mean to you?',
reviews of records and shows, plus some cartoons ~~xx~~ & insight on Serena Dank. And more.

PARANOIA #5 50¢ address-P.O. BOX 20391, Reno, Nevada, 89515
R&P's 'on' the scenes in Holland & England, interviews with T.S.O.L., Redd Kross, Minor
Threat, Husker Du, & the Hugh Beaumont Experience (my favorite interview), also some inter-
esting gossip on the last page, and a bunch of other stuff. Interesting reading.

PHENIS no. 6 50¢ from: 527 W. 13th st, Tempe, Arizona. 85281
This 'zine is put out by some of my favorite hardcore band, JxF4x. Issue no. 6 has news on
the Arizona scene, interviews of David Olthphant, JxF4x, John Stab of the G.I.'s, and reviews
of a bunch of gigs. Plus skate contests, and reports on the scenes in Boston & Dallas.
??

TOUCH & GO #20 \$1.25 Box 32313, Washington D.D. (uh I mean DC) 20007
This is worth the high price tag, chockfull of interesting articles, tons of record and
live show reviews, interviews with Faith, Iron Cross, one of the Minutemen, the Effigies,
and Minor Threat (boy, they sure get around, interviewed in 3 out of 5 fanzines). Also,
Nancy & Slammo in one of the funniest cartoons I have seen all year. Get this mag!

RAD no. 10 only 50¢ from PO Box 867, Morro Bay, Cal. 93442
Another good issue by Juliet Jake & Co. (Hi Judy!!) This one has a visit to school with
The Grand Dragon of Invisible Empire of the KKK (pretty wierd...), AK-47's reunion gig in
San Fransisco, Al Millan, G-Spots, Impediments, Prime Numbers, and of course cartoons! Join the
Dumkopft Family at Christmas time, and go to a party with Ms. Glib in "Love thy Neighbor".

Putting on a show by Alice ☹

Romper Room Rejects/Variables/Mortals/CFG&the Truth
Saturday December 4th at the Halfass

Me and Ruth got into the Halfass around three and moved all the tables out of the way, made posters, and hung out while the bands & assorted others showed up with all their stuff.

The show started around nine with a the band billed as Romper Room Rejects, who rejected that name and stayed anonymous. With ex-Aborted Popes members Matt & Kirk on guitar and drums, and ex-McDonald Matt O'Brian on bass, these guys were hot! Lot's of fresh original material like "Modernistic", "Penis Infection" & "The Vandal Song".

Next came the Variables, who were the nicest looking young men I've seen at a rock n roll show in years. They played a lot of boppy danceable music, both originals and covers of some Jam tunes. These guys were my favorites!

The Mortals played third, they were pretty good technically, but their guitar player was just too Mr. Rock n Roll. I missed most of their set anyways, I was in the bathroom having an intense conversation with a bunch of the girls and by the time I got out of there the next band, CFG was already playing. They would have been okay if they had cut the crap & just played music (Forget the jokes guys-it doesn't work). I got bored and went out to eat, when I came back the Truth was playing, it was getting late so they didn't play much longer.

Afterwards we swept up the broken bottles, mopped the floor and put all the tables back. The whole thing took a lot of time & energy, but it was worth it. I had fun.



Singer for CFG



I'm too stoned to review this show!!

I ran into Meijers gas station and bought a coke, I needed it, seeing as I had only gotten four hours in the last three days. I don't normally chew on tooth picks, but I was trying in every manner to keep my nerves uptight and speeding out. The distance was seven miles and I needed to get there in ten minutes so I traveled at non-law abiding speeds so I could make it in time to check in for my press pass at the half assed inn.

I sped down Washtenaw at a rate of over 65 miles per hour. The whole way there I was trying to think of what I would say to the cop that would stop me once his radar gun got a fix on me. But I arrived at the half assed without hassle.

"Am I too late?" I asked Alice who was in charge of things and also my journalistic overseer to this project.

"No, not really. It's only seven, the show doesn't even start for two hours." that was good enough for me, just enough time to get a drink and mingle with the still relatively puny crowd. Twenty minutes later, I was bored so I ran out to my 1974 Vega deathbucket, jumped in and cruised over to Robs to do a massive amount of Bong Hits and have a few more drinks and just bury myself back deep in my brain. I always review best when I'm thoroughly ripped out of my gourd. It must've been 8:30 or so when Rob and I stumbled back into the Halfasssed, The first that played had no name, they consisted of Major Matt, Matt, and Kurk. They played a tight set consisting of one song, it was called: WARM UP. Pretty good I thought, but I had passed a judgment too soon for they took the stage for yet another set consisting of about eight songs. This set was even better. The second set ended with Kurk(the ham he is) pusing all over his drum set, real neat looking I thought at the time.

Rob and I rambled our way into the back room and discovered an old Space Mission pinball machine, we played game after game for what seemed a hell of a long time. We completely missed the second band, ohh well I wasn't into a music listening mood anyway, we did however run out of quarters and had to venture back into the crowd to see the third band called: The Mortals.

This band was alright, they had a similarity in each song that sort of got to me, but they were listenable. The next band however was terrible CFG was their name and they should've called themselves shit!!

I was getting ever higher from all the dope and drink, I tried desperately to keep it together long enough so I could see the final band: THE TRUTH. But it didn't work, I woke up the next afternoon, and went to work on writing this review.

Responsibility for this should fall on the shoulder of DAN PETTIT!..!



INTRODUCTING IN



THE JUNIOR SKINHEADS

In Buzz

I'm Sozz

And I'm Reach Fuzz,
leader of The
Junior Skinheads!

Uh-oh...
We'd more
better
unwind

We're having a slam dance
at The graveyard!

Got
any
acid?

I stole some
Boones Farm from
my mom. We
can get a
buzz.

That's really
punks man
Oh
Yeah

Dang
Ding
Ding
Let's Thrash 'em!

Fuck, it's
All gone...

The
CRYPT

Bottle
Volcanic
Bottle

THAT NIGHT AT THE SHOW:

No one can tell we're
from Am Arbor.
Let's Slam!

Cool

Hey Dunderhead!
Hey Dunderhead!
Hey Dunderhead!

Look There's some
Mod fags from
Am Arbor
Let's go

You're Full of Shit...
Care for some
dancing lessons?

UM...

FREEZER

PIZZA

Hellish
Thrash,
man.

THUD
CONK

Next Day:

We saw a hellish band
last night, The Lords I think...

Yeah, dey
was great!

I'll
bet

ANOTHER REVIEW by Alice

Aida/Sonic Youth/Swans/at Joes Star Lounge.Sunday 12/12/82

I got to the bar around ten and was surprised to find that someone I know was in the first band,Aida.It was their 1st gig and they played pretty well for a first show.In fact they were a lot better than both of the bands from New York. Sonic Youth played second,I thought they were gonna be a thrash band cause their bass player was this skinny chick with spikes and engineers boots,unfortunately I was dead wrong.They played Avant Garde Waa Waa fuzz ba feedback noise bullshit, no chords or anything that I would call music.It sucked so bad I got a headache during the second song and left.Informed sources told me that theSwans were just the same only slower.Oh well,so it goes.
Review of the music they play at work.

Well,let me tell you it's pretty bad. In the morning before the restaurant is open it's either the Greek cooks Parthenon buttfuck type music,or the Colombian cooks Mexican disco tape(this one has a great version of 'My Sweet Lord' in espanol).The worst tape they have is Frank Sinatra,man the guy is the supreme ultimate in wankiness,I mean "Lovers in the Night" at ten in the morning makes me want to puke,okay? SO,the only radio stations they play are classical(Which isn't too bad) and WEMU slow jazz.The BEST tapes they have are Jimmy Buffet,Janis Ian,and Cat Stevens,which gives you some kind of an idea of the whole situation.I'll tell you,I have this real bad desire to bring in some Misfits or Minor Threat mislabeled as Chopan or Bach,but I don't want to lose my job so I just keep it all in my head and mumble songs to myself whilst I scrub the crud off of the nice folks dishes.

What the Fuck,man.Life is getting pretty dull when that is all I have to write a bout.I'm tired of whining, but I still want to know-How come there aren't any shows anymore????!!!!Are you all DEAD?Or What? I really can't believe I'm the only one who wishes there was a little more action around A.I listen to people bitch about having nothing to do all the time,Why Doesn't somebody DO something.I put on a show all ready,why can't someone else do the next one???? Enough said. If you can't or won't help your scene then go Fuck Yourself!!!!



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Calling for Freedom

The War to End All War



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explain Why CHRIST DIED



Brezhnev's body lies in state Friday at the House of Unions.

AP PHOTO

Who Are the Victims?

The most pitiful of all statistics is the awesome toll exacted among our most intelligent, capable and valuable asset—the youth of the world. Self-destruction is the final solution to life's hopelessness for an increasing number of young people. In the United States, for example, death by suicide among young people has tripled in recent years. It is the **THIRD LEADING CAUSE** of death for young people of the United States following accidents and homicide. Recently, preliminary studies indicate it has now risen to the second leading cause of death.

Why? What are the reasons these young people give up on life before they have lived it?

The answer reads like a litany written to the 20th century: too much money, too much alcohol, too many possessions, too many drugs, not enough love and concern by parents. Add boredom, depressions, stress, fear, frustration, hopelessness, low self-esteem and guilt—which all too often are connected to a recent family breakup.

Even more heartbreaking is the realization that for every success-

Why are so many, worldwide, choosing suicide as the solution to life's problems?

SUICIDE